"OH, I DON'T KNOW," SAID MR. PEPPER.

Then Arkansas City Poker Was Vindicated—But Blaisdell's River Trip Ended.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper, and the captain turned on him, with his eyes ablaze with fury.

"You mis'able, ornery, contemptible, low down, no 'count, slabsided shrimp!" he shouted, "fo' two bits I'd knock yo' wuthless head plumb offen yo' shoulders an' feed it to the furnace f'r a pine knot. It's fat enough to burn good." And he danced up and down, brandishing his arms wildly aloft.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper, fishing around in his trousers pockets, and bringing out a silver quarter. "There's your two bits, cap'n, if you think it's wuth that much," and he held out the coin with a good natured smile entirely out of keeping with the gravity of the situation.

The Belle of the Bayous was just approaching the Arkansas City landing, and Capt. Wilkins had had much to try him since his boat had left Vicksburg.

For one thing, there was a notable falling off from the number of passengers he usually carried, and he was unable to explain this to himself in any way excepting that he had lately relaxed the severity of his rule against poker playing on the boat. Being a lover of the game himself, he had believed that the popular prejudice against poker on the boats came from the crooked play that had been prevalent.

When therefore he discovered as he believed he did some few months previously a man of high principle and great skill at cards in the person of Mr. Jim Blaisdell of Arkansas City he felt himself safe in allowing the game on his boat provided Blaisdell sat in to see that it was straight. So far as he could see his theory was correct, but the passenger traffic of his boat had certainly fallen off. Altogether Capt. Wilkins was far from being equably disposed when he stepped into the saloon a little after midnight and found a game of poker in progress with Mr. Owen Pepper a highly interested spectator.

Mr. Pepper seldom played, though he enjoyed the game greatly. He frankly said that he could afford it only at long intervals.

It was a game for full grown men that Capt. Wilkins found. Tall stacks of chips stood in front of each of the six players and beside the stacks were piles and rolls of bank bills with a considerable showing of gold coin. Altogether the money in sight was not far short of $10,000 and they were playing table stakes.

Jim Blaisdell was one of the players and the pile in front of him indicated that he was doing rather more than holding his own, yet if he had barely done that he would have brought no discredit on the Arkansas City game, of which he was a notable exponent, for he had some formidable antagonists.

Roy Gilchrist, who sat on his left, was a Mississippi planter who was noted for reckless and lucky play. His almost unlimited command of money and his prodigal use of it on occasions made him a forceful player, even if his judgment was not always reliable.

Buck Mathews was another swashbuckler at play. He was at all times liable to bet his pile, but enough was known of his methods to make it almost certain that he believed in his hand when he backed it.

Martin and Miller were of the ordinary variety of river gamblers. Cool, resourceful and bold, they were ready at any stage of the game for any trick they could play with a chance of safety and were always prepared for an appeal to arms should one be made.

The sixth man at the table was the one-eyed man whose name no one knew, but who was known from La Crosse to New Orleans as the peer of any player on the river. Tradition said he had lost his other eye at the card table, but whether his own crooked play or the other man's had led to the affray no one pretended to say. Indeed, no one had ever charged him with unfair play. All they said was that he was unusually successful.

It was truly a noteworthy party, and it was no ordinary game they played. Jim Blaisdell recognized that from the beginning, and though he felt himself a worthy match for any or all the other players he realized the necessity for extra caution.

As none of the others had played in the Arkansas City game they knew nothing of him excepting by reputation. What they had heard vaguely of his marvellous skill in handling cards they were disposed to regard as exaggeration. Mr. Owen Pepper might, perhaps, have told them things, but he was not playing and he was too well versed in the etiquette of the game to volunteer any remarks.

The first notable play in the game came when Gilchrist had dealt, and when, therefore, no suspicion could attach to the deal. Martin had put up the ante, which was a dollar. Later on, as the play got higher, they made it five call ten.

Blaisdell, sitting next, looked at two of his cards only and put up his two dollars, so they sized him up as coming in on a pair, probably not less than jacks.

The one eyed man said nothing, but put in a red chip, standing for $5. He never spoke unceremoniously, but they judged from his play that he was willing to force the others out, so they reckoned he had either aces or two small pairs.

Mathews, who sat next, was by no means willing to give way to such a hand as that and he put up his red chip without raising, so it was impossible for any one to judge of what he held.

Miller glanced at his pal before playing, but if there was an interchange of signals no one detected it. He trailed, bringing the play back to the dealer.

That player was usually dashing in his methods, but this time there was a noticeable hesitation before he played. They could not decide whether he was trying to make certain of having a straight or whether he was considering the wisdom of a raise. Whichever it was he decided to throw in two reds and did so.

Martin looked well satisfied and raised in his turn, making it four reds.

Then and not till then, did Blaisdell look at all his cards. Without a change of expression he made it two blues, or $50 in all to play, whereupon the one eyed man threw his hand in the discard. Mathews seemed to be still willing to let the others play his hand, and he simply made good.

Miller also trailed; whether because of confidence in his own hand or because he wanted to stand by in case Martin needed help, it was impossible to judge.

Again Gilchrist hesitated and thereby puzzled the other players considerably. Finally, however, he threw in six blues, making a raise of $100.

Martin stayed. Blaisdell made it another $100. Mathews dropped and the other three made good.

On the draw Martin stood pat, Blaisdell stood pat, Miller took two cards and Gilchrist took one.

It looked to Mr. Pepper, who was watching the play closely, as if Martin had really a pat hand, though probably a small one, since he had raised only once and had trailed thereafter. Blaisdell's hand, as he had played at first on two cards, was probably a full, or possibly four of a kind, as he had played vigorously.

Miller's was evidently three of a kind, but what Gilchrist's might be Mr. Pepper was unable to decide.

Not a word had been spoken thus far, except in calling for the draw, and Blaisdell was still silent as he pushed a white chip in the pot. Miller, however, called loudly as he bet $200.

"I reckon I'll take a hand in this here raisin' business now," he said, and there seemed to be little doubt that he had bettered. If not, his bluff was good.

Gilchrist was equally confident. He pushed his whole stack forward, making a bet of some $400 more than Miller's. It was too strong for Martin and he laid down, though not till after he had looked at Miller and caught a glance from him.

Blaisdell said nothing. His hand went in the discard as promptly as if he were in the habit of having fours beaten. Miller, however, was still full of confidence.

"I'm sorry I can't raise you no further under the rules, pard," he said, as he called with nearly all he had in front of him, and he showed down four jacks.

"No good," said Gilchrist. "I caught the nine spot." And he showed a straight flush in diamonds, nine high.

It was then that the ante was raised. No such party of players as this could be expected to play dollar ante after a hand like that, and when Blaisdell put up a red chip on Martin's deal there was no comment.

No one came in and the jackpot that was formed contained $60. It was, of course, Blaisdell's deal, and Mr. Owen Pepper, with a vivid recollection of what he had seen more than once before, had some expectation of fireworks and torchlights, with a possibility of bombs and brass bands when the six hands should be lifted.

One thing that seemed to indicate Mr. Blaisdell's possession of the artistic temperament was the fact that although startling things sometimes occurred when he dealt the cards, it could not be said that they occurred with suspicious frequency. It happened this time that Mathews took the pot without a contest, and the deal quietly passed on.

The one eyed man, as was said, had never been detected in crooked play, and he was not detected this time. Nevertheless, when he made an ace high flush for himself, drawing one card against three kings and a small straight, and when he scooped a fat pot on the hand there were those at the table who wished they had been able to see the motions of his fingers a little more distinctly.

Mathews was above suspicion, and Miller appeared to be too conscious of the scrutiny that was directed toward his work to be capable of any very meritorious performance. So these deals passed without special incident, and it was too much to expect Gilchrist to do any dazzling stunt immediately succeeding his last.

When Martin dealt next, therefore, there had been a considerable lull following the last strenuous contest, and whatever excitement had been felt had been measurably toned down. Mr. Pepper, having no pecuniary interest, had perhaps been less excited than the others, and being therefore better qualified to judge the probabilities than they were, determined in his own mind that there would soon be something doing.

Again Blaisdell put up $5 blind, and the one eyed man, silent as ever, straddled the blind. Martin served the cards with suspicious exactitude, but though they watched they could see nothing out of the way, and each man was fully prepared to back his hand.

Mathews came in for the $20, and Miller, who had declared more money in the game, stayed as a matter of course. Then Gilchrist made it $50, but if he wanted to drive the others out he was disappointed.

Martin came in. Blaisdell made it $100, and the one eyed man made it $150. Mathews dropped and the others all made good.

On the draw Blaisdell called for two cards. The one eyed man stood pat. Miller took one. Gilchrist stood pat and Martin took two.

The one eyed man threw in a chip. Miller trailed. Gilchrist bet $100. Martin made it $200 and Blaisdell pushed his stack forward.

The only player to see him was Martin, who showed down four queens, but Blaisdell showed four kings and reached for the pot.

"Hold on, there," said Miller, before Martin could speak. "I discarded that king of clubs. You must have picked it up out of the discard pile."

And at that moment Capt. Wilkins entered the saloon.

Trained as he was to lightning quickness he knocked Blaisdell's gun upward at the instant it was discharged. Then reaching across the table he seized Miller, who was no less ready for a shooting affray, and who was levelling his own gun. Then came the outbreak for which all the preceding incidents of the trip had been preparing him.

Denouncing the party one and all in such choice and vigorous objurgation as is seldom heard off the Mississippi River he declared the game at an end and swore there should never be another on his boat. He spoke with the authority rightfully belonging to the captain of a Mississippi River packet, and none of those who listened was inclined to answer until he spoke directly to Miller, whose last words he had only imperfectly heard.

"As for you," he said. "I know of you. You were trying to cover your own crooked play by putting it on to another. If I did what's right I'd throw you overboard."

And then Owen Pepper said: "Oh, I don't know."

It was small wonder the captain turned on him in dire wrath, but when he produced his two bits and offered it to the captain the effect was almost magical. Angry as they all were they began laughing at him and he got his chance to speak.

"I seen it all, Cap'n," he said earnestly, "an' I c'n speak up f'r a friend even if I ain't into the game. "Blaisdell's cards is all right, an' this man Miller is talkin' to cover up his pal. Martin slipped up on Blaisdell's hand, but he dealt himself that fourth queen offen the bottom."

Just then there was another struggle. Martin was trying to shoot and the captain seized him. Gilchrist and Mathews went to his assistance and Blaisdell and Pepper threw themselves on Miller.

When the two were overpowered Blaisdell said, "Cap'n, me an' Pepper is going asho' right here to Arkansas City. I reckon you can't do no better 'n to put these here two yaps asho' here too. I reckon the boys 'll see they don't come to no harm. It'd be a pity to waste 'em on the fishes."

And it was done accordingly.

INDIAN TERRITORY TROUBLES.

Constitution Doesn't Provide Any Way to Raise Money at Once.

TULSA, I. T., Nov. 12.—Indian Territory is ready to celebrate statehood with all sorts of noise, but the serious minded part of the community is wondering how the many problems will be met.

On the Oklahoma side everything will be smooth and easy, because they have had county government over there for ten years, and it simply means a transfer of the accounts from the Territory to the State. But on the Indian Territory side, where there has been not a single organized county, it means beginning at the beginning and starting things off. Forty-five counties will go into business on November 16, and not a one of them have a cent in the treasury, not one of them has a court house or a jail, not one of them has as much as a sheet of official paper on which to record the minutes of the first meeting of the County Commissioners' Court.

The jurisdiction of the United States ends the minute the proclamation of the President goes into effect, and from that time forward the new State will have to shift for itself. It must take care of the prisoners and be responsible for all debts and so on. It must provide at once an organized government for the people according to the systems which obtain elsewhere.

Money is the great and pressing question to start with. None of the Indian Territory counties has any and there is no way provided in the Constitution by which money for pressing necessities can be obtained. The Constitution covers everything else from the initiative and referendum to the regulation of the procession of the seasons, but the statesmen who framed the document overlooked the fact that until the Legislature can provide some way to keep the county governments going the county governments will be in trouble.

The most generally accepted theory is that the commissioners of the Indian Territory counties can issue scrip till the Legislature gives them some authority for an orderly system of finance.

But scrip has terrors. The contractors and the people who are to furnish supplies, the printer men and the rest will not take scrip except at a great discount. It is the theory of the contractors that many of the counties will not be able to redeem the scrip for years and years, and while they are taking the chance they might as well play safe.

THINGS ALL EUROPE TALKS OF

Continued from First Page.

himself "an honorable man." This is the case of Vice-Admiral von Ahlefeldt, recently appointed chief of the North Sea naval station and now resigned. Two naval Lieutenants at Wilhelmshaven had a dispute, which resulted in Lieut. Steinhauer sending his seconds to Lieut. Mayer. The latter, however, refused to fight, on the ground that Steinhauer allowed a fortnight to elapse before sending his challenge, this being contrary to the "code of honor." The matter was laid before the officers' court of honor. The court decided that Lieut. Steinhauer must be struck off the list of officers of the Naval Reserve for allowing two weeks to pass before sending his challeng. At the same time Lieut. Mayer was struck off the list for refusing to fight. Lieut. Mayer is a naval architect in the imperial dockyard at Wilhelmshaven, and though his honor as a Lieutenant of the Naval Reserve was lost his honor as a naval architect apparently stood firm, for he remained in his post. And that is where the unfortunate Vice-Admiral von Ahlefeldt came to grief.

When he was appointed to his command six months ago he paid the usual calls, including one to Naval Architect Mayer. As soon as he found that the Lieutenant had been struck off the list of officers of the Naval Reserve by the court of honor the Vice-Admiral had to put things right. He sent the Lieutenant a note saying: "Please consider the visit I paid you cancelled. Please consider that my call was never made."

Mayer at once sent his seconds to the Vice-Admiral, who, however, declined to fight. Of course the matter had to be laid before the court of honor, which, doubtless considering Mayer's honor as a naval architect, decided against the Vice-Admiral. Mayer was transferred to the imperial dockyard at Kiel and the Vice-Admiral sent in his resignation, which was at once accepted.

King Edward VII. is a good linguist, but he has his limits, and the Gaels of Scotland found them the other day. They telegraphed to him in Gaelic, telling him of the great success of the Highland bazaar held in Glasgow in aid of the Gaelic nationality and language. His Majesty replied:

SANDRINGHAM, Nov. 3, 1907.

The King appreciates your message being sent in Gaelic, but for convenience of reply please send exact equivalent in English.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, Sandringham.

The following was sent in English—a translation of the Gaelic message:

To his Majesty the King:

The Gaels of Scotland send their loyal greetings to the King, and respectfully inform his Majesty that the Highland Association Bazaar, opened by the Princess Louise, in aid of nationality and language, was specially successful.

From MRS. BURNLEY CAMPBELL, Convener, Highland Association.

Later came the subjoined message from Sandringham, bearing the same date:

The King commands me to convey his sincere thanks for their loyal greetings to all those on whose behalf your telegram was sent. His Majesty is exceedingly glad to hear that the bazaar in aid of the Gaelic language and nationality has been so successful.

PRIVATE SECRETARY.

A novel point in connection with the workmen's compensation act was argued the other day before Judge Russell in a London county court. A dining car waiter having been killed on the line his dependents sued the caterers in whose employ he had been for compensation under the new act. The scale of compensation is proportionate to the "earnings" of the employee. The caterers paid $975 into court, basing the sum on the man's weekly wage, which was $3 plus the estimated value of his board, which was put down as a similar amount.

It was contended on behalf of the man's dependents that his tips, which averaged another $3 per week, should be taken into account in assessing the amount of compensation due. The caterers argued that tips were not "earnings." The Judge, declaring that the point was very important, reserved his decision. The point is certainly one of considerable importance to railway companies and hotel proprietors, and the ultimate decision of the courts is very uncertain. It involves various questions, such as: Are tips of an ascertainable money value? Are they in any sense paid by the employer?

At first sight a negative answer seems to suggest itself to both questions. But on the other hand the receipt of tips is a recognized incident of some employments; their average value is ascertainable by expert evidence, and wages are often implicitly or explicitly less than they would otherwise be because the employer knows that his employees can count on their being supplemented by tips.

In the present railway dispute, for instance, directors and managers often point out that in considering the wages of their servants we must remember various benefits incidental to the service, and among these "tips" are counted. The question should not be without interest to the Board of Inland Revenue. If tips are earnings for the purpose of compensation they are also income for the purpose of taxation.

King Edward, as all the world knows, is a great patron of the theatre, and every production of merit in London is sure to be "honored by his Majesty's presence" at least once and sometimes twice during the run of the piece. At Windsor the King occasionally has a stage erected at one end of the great Waterloo Chamber, and here are held the famous "command" performances which are at once the despair and delight of all theatrical folk in England.

The "command performance" is arranged in this way: The royal chamberlain sends word to the manager of the company which the King desires to have perform at his improvised theatre, and whether that company is over in Dublin or down in Penzance the manager immediately alters arrangements, refunds money for tickets already sold and prepares the company to appear at Windsor at the required time. Sometimes this entails much inconvenience to the recipients of the royal command, but so much is the King loved and admired by all the theatrical world that there is never any complaint. Anyway the inconvenience is more than balanced by the prestige which is obtained by this evidence of the royal favor.

The stage in the Waterloo Chamber is very small, and of course special scenery must be made for each play. This has to be done in London by measurements, and when the scene is finished it must be all ready for adjustment and use, since there can be no changes or carpentering work done in the King's theatre. Then dressing rooms must be arranged in the corridors each side of the stage, and these can only be fixed at the last moment, as the corridors must not be disfigured any longer than is absolutely necessary. The company who are to give the performance are always taken down to the palace on a special train early in the afternoon. They are allowed to have a rehearsal in order that they may quite understand all the difficulties of the tiny stage. Then they dine together, as guests of the King, at the White Hart Inn, and return to the castle at 9 o'clock. The performance commences at 10 o'clock and they must be ready at the moment. The King likes all performances to end by 12, with not more than ten minutes for entr'actes and changes of scenery, so the scene shifters must work with machinelike alacrity and in absolute silence.

Every individual in the distinguished audience at a Windsor Castle command performance has to be seated before their Majesties and the royal guests enter the room heralded by a bar of the national anthem. Except for the faint rustle heard as the royalties walk slowly up the length of the Waterloo Chamber to their chairs, placed within twelve feet of the stage, not a sound reaches the straining ears of the waiting actors, and the curtain is slowly raised to a motionless and absolutely silent house. However, this appalling commencement is the worst part of the poor mummers' ordeal, as the audience, including the King and Queen, are very appreciative and generous in encouragement and applause.

Since the accession of King Edward the actors are very seldom received after the performance, but two of the King's equerries always represent his Majesty at the supper given them in the Presence Chamber. At half past 1 o'clock a special train takes the players back to London

The sale of a valuable collection of tracts and books from Lord Sheffield's Sussex home took place last week. The total sum realized for 376 lots was $16,115. The most remarkable feature of the sale lay in the exceptionally high prices paid for volumes and pamphlets relating to the early American colonists, of which there were many of great rarity in the collection. So scarce is Winslow's "Good Newes from New England," issued in the year 1624, that even a soiled copy sold in February, 1901, for $450, while yesterday a fine example was secured, after most spirited bidding, for $1,250. Even rarer, perhaps, is Capt. Underhill's "Newes from America," of which only a very small number of perfect copies exist. There are two in the British Museum and another in the Harvard library. Yesterday a copy was sold for $1,225. Just forty-seven years ago the auction price of this document was $68. A four leaved tract issued in 1766 and called "Newes from New England" fell to a bidder at the remarkable price of $590, or about $147 a leaf.

The exquisite pieces of tapestry still preserved in some families or to be seen on the walls of old castles are silent witnesses of the wonderful work that women did with their needles in days gone by. Notwithstanding their manifold household cares and the claims of an always numerous progeny, the stately ladies of centuries past and very often the royal ladies found time to execute these marvellous pieces of needlework, which sometimes took a lifetime to finish. All the artistic yearning, all the romance and sentiment of their natures, were embroidered into the stories they portrayed on their tapestries. Then gradually the art died out to a great extent.

Now Paris is awakening to the charm of this work again, and an enterprising French woman has seized the opportunity and is daily the centre of an interested circle as she sits in front of some masterpiece at the Louvre and copies it, using a needle and a mass of colored silks as an artist does his palette and brush. Her canvas is a large piece of heavy linen, on which she first sketches the design. Then with wonderful skill she embroiders in the colors, following the exact tones of the picture as minutely as if with paints. She never rips out any work. If a shade of silk does not prove to be exactly the requisite thing when she has used it she merely works over it again and again with various other shades until just the right color has been produced, thus blending her silks as an artist his paints.

To watch the course of her needle is very interesting. With marvellous skill and swiftness it follows the outline of the design, rounding curves and tracing the delicate oval of a face with the ease of a brush. Some of the copies made by this artist in "needle painting" are so like a painting that one has to examine very closely to see just what the work really is, while as reproductions they are worthy of the highest praise.

The ancient plains of Thessaly have seen the completion of an interesting undertaking that has been promoted by the Greek Government. In the presence of the Crown Prince of Greece, the Metropolitan Theoclitus of Athens and numerous dignitaries the foundations have been laid during the latter half of October of five new cities, named New Anchialos, New Euxinopolis, New Philippopolis, New Karyae and New Wodena. They are intended to furnish homes for 25,000 refugees of Greek origin who have emigrated from Macedonia and eastern Rumelia to escape everlasting persecution and oppression by the roving robber bands.

For a considerable time the number of these refugees has been growing until the Greek Government found itself compelled to do something for them. A committee was appointed which first divided the fugitives into two camps, one for the agricultural laborers who had fled from the Balkan interior and the other for those from the coast places, who were mainly traders and artisans.

To every head of an agricultural family there was apportioned a plot of twenty acres of ground in the eparchy of Trikhala, or else forty acres in the less rich district of Larissa, together with a cash loan sufficient to cover the cost of building a farmhouse, with agricultural implements and maintenance until the next harvest time. To the artisans were granted smaller pieces of land and loans to erect houses and workshops for their various trades.

To cover the expenditure incurred the Greek Government raised a loan of 6,000,000 drachmas, or about $1,200,000, which was taken up entirely by patriotic subscription.

Berlin thinks it possesses the first public motor cab chauffeuse in the world. True, a French woman is at present driving a motor vehicle in Paris, but she is in private service. Frau von Papp, however, a handsome brunette, the widow of a Hungarian attorney, has made a brilliant début in her new part. After passing a stiff examination in the topography of the German capital, she was allowed to don the Berlin chauffeur's uniform, consisting of a blue cloth coat with a red turnover collar and white braid, bright metal buttons, and a white leather cap bearing the Prussian colors and a numbered badge. With these Frau von Papp wears a blue cloth skirt and a white blouse underneath her coat.

Her trial trip, undertaken under the supervision of two police officers through the busiest thoroughfares of Berlin, proved a veritable triumph of driving skill, as everywhere gaping crowds impeded her progress. That same evening Frau von Papp—immediately nicknamed "Pappe" by her male confrères—took her seat at the steering wheel of the duly licensed taxicab, No. 3862, and was in immediate request among the men about town. Within a few hours her takings amounted to $30.

The manager of the company which supplies the cars admits that the appointment of a female chauffeur caused him at first grave misgivings, but Frau von Papp's expert knowledge and zeal soon dispersed all doubts as to the advisability of letting her run a car. "Women," he said, "will take much greater care of a car than men, and although naturally they cannot undertake repairs a man can do, that is hardly essential in town, because repairing garages are plentiful. It is different in the case of a private car. A woman will never be a success there, because long journeys have to be undertaken and repairs effected on the spot for which a woman is physically unfitted. But she is all right as a chauffeuse in town, and I am confident that Frau von Papp has opened up a new field for woman's activity."

A male taxicab driver whose station is at the corner of Unter den Linden and the Friedrichstrasse was asked what he thought of the innovation. "She won't do us men any harm," he said, "and it will benefit business. Timid and elderly people will prefer a woman driver."

Meanwhile Frau von Papp's clients are anything but timid and elderly, but she possesses in a large measure that valuable asset, a keen sense of humor.

The ferocity of the southern Italian when a blood feud is involved was never better illustrated than by a sanguinary encounter which took place last week at Comitini, in the Girgenti district, Sicily. In order to terminate a long standing vendetta between them the heads of the families of Conti and Alessi had agreed to let three selected members of each family fight it out between them, in full daylight, the scene to be the market place of Comitini, the terms—to the death.

At the appointed time the parties appeared fully armed; Conti with his two sons and Alessi with two brothers. The affair being public property, almost the entire population of the village had turned out to watch the fray. At a word of command revolvers were drawn and the fight commenced. After a few moments Conti and the two brothers Alessi fell down dead and the three others were severely wounded.

The police force of Comitini consists of two carabineers, who were prudent enough to keep out of the way until all was over. Then they removed the dead bodies and transported the dying survivors to the nearest hospital.

Polish newspapers announce the discovery in an ozokerite pit at Starunia, near Nadworna, Galicia, of the remains of what is believed to be a prehistoric animal of enormous size. The first bones to be unearthed were two huge black tusks, each nearly seven feet long. They were followed by a jawbone containing a back tooth measuring 6½ by 4 inches and a paw 13½ feet long. Portions of skin next appeared, nearly an inch thick and covered in parts with bristly hairs an inch long.

Naturalists from Lemberg University who have paid a visit to the spot have so far been unable to determine whether the animal in question is a prehistoric mammoth or an ancestor of the elephant, Elephas antiquus, but so much is certain, that the find equals in importance the famous discovery of mammoth remains at Kolymsk, Siberia, with this difference, however, that in the present case pieces of flesh in a remarkable state of preservation have been brought to light. That condition is due to the nature of the soil in which the animal has been imbedded. It is saturated with naphtha and other earth oils. This also caused the bones to blacken and gave them a peculiar brilliance. At the same place wonderfully preserved imprints have been found of insects and leaves of the post-tertiary period; among them a species of dragon fly with wings completely preserved in the earth wax.

M. Lessar, who has long been known as a partisan of an Anglo-Russian rapprochement, has a project for a railway to India which, if it is carried out, means that the journey from London to Karachi via Baku, Krasnovodsk, Merv, Kushka, Newchaman, and Sukhona could be accomplished in 7½ days. The section from Kushka to Newchaman (420 miles) alone remains to be constructed.

The *Novoe Vremya* dwells on the political and economic advantages for both Great Britain and Russia, pointing out that the Bagdad Railway, if the Germans succeed in completing it, will reduce the journey from Vienna to Bombay to 9½ days, which would vitally menace British interests.

Informal intimation has been conveyed by the Birmingham assay authorities that they propose shortly to limit the hallmark to silver goods of not less than forty-eight ten-thousandths of an inch in thickness. The news has caused consternation among the makers of "shadow silver," as it will greatly affect their trade. It has been customary of late years to decorate hair brushes, mirrors and the like with the thinnest possible covering of silver, and an enormous trade in such articles has been done.

The 1907 vintage, taking it as a whole, is a failure. Port, owing to the unprecedented bad weather prevailing just at the picking of the grapes, will be very poor indeed. The same may almost be said of champagne; the yield is small and the quality but moderate. Only half an average crop of good wines is expected from the Hock and Moselle districts, but connoisseurs will be glad to learn that claret will be light, delicate and very smooth, and will certainly have a good bouquet.

The interment of the remains of the late Lord Nunburnholme in the middle of the lawn of the Italian garden has not had a parallel since the body of Mr. Charles Waterton (1782-1865), the celebrated naturalist, was laid to rest between two oak trees in Walton Park, Yorkshire; while in the garden of Longnor Park, near Shrewsbury, there lies the tomb of Mr. Robert Burton, a "zealous asserter of the Gospel all Queen Mary's days," who is said to have died for joy on hearing the Shrewsbury bells ring out the accession of Good Queen Bess.

A crumbling altar tomb still marks the spot where Robert Hutton of Houghton, Durham, was buried in his garden.

In 1684 we read of the widow of a Cromwellian soldier named Taylor, who was buried in the garden of her house at Brighouse, "standing upright," side by side with her husband and daughter, who had been interred in like fashion.

Sir William Temple, Dean Swift's celebrated patron, desired that his remains should rest in his garden at Moor Park, but his wishes were only partly fulfilled. His heart is buried beneath a sun dial there, but his body lies beside that of his wife in Westminster Abbey. "Though he laid not his whole body in his garden," writes Evelyn, "he deposited the better part of it there."

A curious case is that of the Rev. Langton Freeman of Whilton, Northamptonshire, who died in 1783 and left the following instructions: Five days after his death his body was to be wrapped in a double winding sheet and to be laid in the bed in the summerhouse, in which he had slept during his lifetime. The doors and windows of this curious mausoleum were to be locked and the building to be planted around with evergreens and fenced off with oak poles painted a dark blue.

SERVED UNCLE SAM 55 YEARS

WILLIAM R. SMITH LEADS IN LENGTH OF SERVICE.

As Superintendent of the Botanic Garden He Has Known Many Eminent Men —Hayes a Great Flower Lover—Sherman, Too, Knew His Botany—Carnegie.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—A hale and hearty eighty-year-old Scotchman by birth and American by choice claims the honor of having served this Government as a Federal employee longer than any other man on the civil service list in Washington.

Fifty-five years has William R. Smith worked for Uncle Sam. What is even more remarkable, he has spent those fifty-five years in a single position. He is to-day, as he was more than half a century ago, superintendent of the Botanic Garden under the shadow of the Capitol.

One of the perquisites of the place is a little brick house covered with English ivy. There the superintendent lives, in the middle of the Congressional flower garden, that being the pretty name by which he calls his botanic domain.

And here famous men have sat and talked of the rare plants in the great glass houses hard by and of the rarer books with which the walls of the rooms are close lined. There being little space elsewhere, the door frames and the window casings are hung with autograph pictures.

Here, for instance, is Andrew Carnegie's; and here, in these tiny rooms, Andrew himself has had many a crack wie his auld friend. Ay, and told things which were big with meaning, too.

Do you mind when the big strike was on at Homestead? You don't need to be eighty years old to remember that! Well, 'twas just aboot that time that Carnegie sat right here in this wee parlor and talked—and talked! Ay, if all he said then could have been printed and put into the hands of the laboring men of this country things might have been different.

And there were other times.

"I remember once," burrs the Scotchman, "I put my hand down on the table here and I said, 'Here's the hand of——'"

He paused and reflected, smiling.

"I'll not be insistin'," he remarked, "that I didn't say paw, as I sometimes do. 'Here's the paw of a laboring man, I said, 'and he's not ashamed of it!'

"Quick as a flash Carnegie put his own hand down beside mine. 'And here's another,' said he.

"Did you know how Carnegie began his financial career? I was telling the story in his presence one time and I made out that his uncle started him on his road to wealth by giving him two pennies for reciting 'Man Was Made to Mourn.'

"'No, no!' says he. 'The schoolmaster gave me a penny first and my uncle gave me two more. And 'twas the first money I ever earned.'

"I remember another time that Carnegie was here. He and Amos Cummings were talking about the labor question and Carnegie stated that if ever one of his workmen came to him and showed that another man was getting more pay for the same work that man wasn't having to ask twice to have his pay raised too.

"Cummings was a bright man," continued Mr. Smith. "I recall one time when he went with me to Florida on a plant hunting expedition.

"We had a negro guide who had done some plant gathering on his own account in supplying patent medicine makers and he had some rather original botanical ideas. Once he called our attention to a pitcher plant with a white spot on top.

"'Boss,' says he, 'do you know what dat's foh?'

"'No,' said I. 'What is its purpose?'

"'Well, boss, dat dar spot is fur de moon to shine through an' make it light so de bugs kin see to git de likker.'

"'Great Scot!' says Cummings as quick as a flash; 'it's an all night saloon.'"

As Mr. Smith looked up at the picture of Cummings as if to laugh again with him over their experience his eye rested on another photograph and he pointed an almost reverential finger at it.

"One time," said he, "not long before the war, Mrs. Jeff Davis was here in this room, sitting in that chair, and she looked up at that picture, hanging where you see it to-day. And she said slowly and impressively:

"'My husband says that that man is the most dangerous man in the North!'"

Mr. Smith smiled reminiscently.

"He was never dangerous to me or to these gardens," he said. "I call those big glass houses the best monument that has been erected to William Pitt Fessenden of Maine.

"He took more interest in the place than anybody did. When we went almost timidly to ask for a little money to carry out part of the plan he said: 'How much will it cost to build the whole thing?' I told him. 'Go on and build it,' said he.

"After the improvements were started another Senator came along one day and broke out into a tirade about our extravagance. But when I quietly informed him that we were merely following the plans approved by Mr. Fessenden he hadn't a word more to say.

"Another time, when the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson were convulsing the whole political world, I happened to be in the greenhouse and I overheard, quite unintentionally, a bit of conversation between Mr. Fessenden and one of his colleagues.

"'I tell you, sir,' said Mr. Fessenden, 'it's a dirty business! A dirty business!'

"I think I had been rather against the President up to that moment. But if William P. Fessenden called the attempt to impeach a dirty business that settled it in my mind.

"Thaddeus Stevens was another old friend of mine who took an interest in the garden here, at least in redeeming it from the disgrace of being traversed by Tiber Creek. That was an open watercourse which came all the way from Soldiers' Home and received pretty nearly the entire sewage of the city before it got to the river.

"I asked Thaddeus Stevens one time to plant a tree here in the garden, where so many famous men had left memorials of themselves. He looked down at his feet, shook his head and said that he had scarcely been fitted by nature to take part in such a ceremony.

"'Here's a silver dollar,' said he. 'You get some big buck nigger to plant it.'

"The next day he sent down a bottle of whiskey, accompanied by a note intimating that a Scotchman wasn't likely to be mixin' water with his whiskey, but that anyway he'd warn me that the whiskey certainly wouldn't be improved by adding any liquid from Tiber Creek.

"We finally got the watercourse covered over, though it is still there, the greatest sewer in the city of Washington. You could drive a coach and horses through it, and the tide rises and falls four feet in it daily.

"The garden has had more attention from public men in general the past four weeks than it had commanded for years. The uproar about destroying its historic trees brought it to their notice.

"As a rule the Congressman do not take a great interest in it, except to direct the sending of the plants and seeds we furnish them for free distribution among their constituents. We send out about 80,000 of these all over the country.

"Not many of the public men know much about plants. President Hayes loved trees and flowers, and was chairman of the library committee, which is the one in charge of the garden. He came here often then; but after he became President of course he had no leisure for it. Mrs. Hayes, however, came oftener than any other mistress of the White House.

"Gen. Sherman knew and loved plants. I remember one time when he had me beaten.

"I had got from the Smithsonian a plant which I had classified as a banana. About the time when it was necessary to cut the top Gen. Sherman's daughter was married, so I sent it with some other things to help decorate the house. And I sent it as a banana plant.

"The next time I saw the General he began to laugh. He thought he had a great joke on me—and he had. My banana was a plantain. An unusual variety, of course, but nevertheless a plaintain, and he had recognized it. A very lovable man was Gen. Sherman."

Mr. Smith is a fine specimen of an octogenarian. He is six feet tall, with great broad chest and shoulders. He declares that he is 80 years young. No more ardent American can be found.

"I say to people who twit me with my foreign birth," he declared, "that they themselves had no option about their nationality. They were Americans because they were born here whether they wanted to be or no; but that I am more American than they are, because I chose it as my country, the one whose principles suited me better than those of any other land."

"Did you celebrate your golden anniversary of service with Uncle Sam?" he was asked.

"No, indeed! I'm going to make it sixty years. And I'm good for a lot more than that," slapping his broad breast with the "paw" of which he is so proud.

PHYSICIANS' FORTUNES.

Large Estates Left by Medical Men—Last Words of Famous Doctors.

From the British Medical Journal.

Nothnagel, who died alone in his room, noted his own symptoms to the last. A letter to his assistant is said to have ended as follows: "Written late on the evening of July 6, just after experiencing these severe attacks * * * died of calcification of the arteries." Traube also made observations on himself to the very end. Locock expressed a wish to be present at the postmortem examination on himself; and among Cuvier's last recorded words is a remark, as his fingers twitched involuntarily, "Charles Bell is right; 'Ce sont les nerfs de la volonte qui sont malades.'" Dyce Davidson, professor at Aberdeen, died immediately after saying to his class, speaking of the next meeting, which was never to take place, "Four o'clock on Monday, gentlemen; 4 o'clock."

Several doctors have taken their leave with a blessing to those around them. Astley Cooper's last recorded words are, "God bless you and good-by to you all!" He had previously said to his physicians, Bright and Chambers, "God's will be done; God bless you both!" adding, "You must excuse me, but I shall take no more medicine." Benjamin Brodie was heard to mutter: "After all, God is very good." The saddest of all recorded last words are probably those of Oliver Goldsmith, who, when asked by his physician if his mind was at ease, said: "No, it is not!" On the other hand, William Hunter's mind seems to have been full of bright thoughts at the moment of death, for he said: "If I could hold a pen, what a book I could write!"

Pasteur and Darwin, though not belonging to the medical profession, are venerated by it as teachers. Darwin's last words were, "I am not the least afraid to die." Pasteur was offered a cup of milk, and, being unable to swallow it, murmured, "I cannot." He passed away with one hand in his wife's, the other grasping a crucifix. Lastly are mentioned the last words of Mirabeau, which are said to have been addressed to a doctor. He wrote on a slip of paper which he gave to his physician, the philosopher Cabanis, the single word "Dormir." Another account, which may be an expanded version of this, is that, after begging for an anodyne, he said reproachfully to the doctor, "Were you not my physician and my friend? Did you not promise to spare me the suffering of such a death? Must I go away carrying with me the regret of having confided in you?" This is rather a long and rhetorical speech for a dying man.

It is given to few men of any profession to accumulate such large fortunes as the late Lord Brampton and Mr. Murphy, K. C., have left behind them—fortunes amounting to £141,000 and £234,000 respectively; but to say, as stated by a contemporary, that such an achievement is only possible in the law is scarcely in accordance with the facts. Three medical men at least have left estates still larger than the greater of these. Thirty years ago Dr. Blundell died worth more than a third of a million pounds—more exactly, £350,000; during his fifty-three years of strenuous professional life Sir William Jenner accumulated the enormous sum of £375,000, though it is doubtful if he ever made more than £12,000 in any year; and Sir William Gull left personality valued at £340,000. Dr. T. R. Armitage died, at 66, worth £217,000; Sir Erasmus Wilson left £264,000 behind him, and Sir Andrew Clark's savings reached £204,000.